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Sandwich Idol.



In No. 209 of the MIRROR, an engraving was given, together with a description of a further idol, taken out of the moral temple, in Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, entered by Lord Byron and his officers during his late voyage there. The above is a faithful representation of one of the two great wooden idols, which stood on each side of the altar, and were the principal objects in the moral. These

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idols are also mentioned by Captain Cook, though he was not allowed to enter the moral they were in; the distorted features of the face are surmounted by a curious crested helmet, partly resembling the Grecian, and partly the mail helmet worn by the Normans. The arms are extended as if to receive any offerings which might be made to it, and the body and legs are excessively rude, and bear no

kind of proportion to the head. The idol, together with the pedestal on which it stands, is between three and four feet in height, and was carved out of one solid block of wood, without the aid of any iron instrument. From the appearance of this idol it is evidently of great antiquity, and as one of the last remaining and principal relics of the superstition and idolatry of the Sandwich islanders, together from the circumstance that many human victims have been heretofore offered to it, may be esteemed both curious and rare. But while we abhor their savage bigotry and ignorance, it yet affords matter of speculation, to inquire from whence the South Sea islanders, who separated from the rest of the world by the vast Pacific Ocean, although idolaters, had a knowledge of, and believed in, a Supreme Being, before they were discovered by Europeans. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact that the inhabitants of the different groups of islanders in the South Sea, the natives of Mexico and Peru, and many other nations discovered within the last few years, although totally unconnected with, and unknown to Europeans, have yet preserved the tradition of a universal deluge, from which a few only were saved. Perhaps it may be conjectured that a portion of the idolatrous descendants of Noah, dispersed at the confusion of languages, traversed by degrees the utmost limits of Asia, and that their descendants in after ages passed over the narrow arm of the sea which separated it from America; and it may reasonably be inferred that during the space of near 4,000 years which intervened from the building of Babel to the recent discovery of the South Sea Islands, the Aborigines were Asiatics or Americans, doubtless driven out to sea and drifted at different periods in their canoes to the several groups of islands in the Great Southern Ocean, and this conjecture is further corroborated by their most popular traditions. An imperfect notion of the deluge might thus be handed down, and also of a Supreme Being, whom they would endeavour to represent in a corporeal form, as being in that case more likely to be revered than if they had merely a mental and imaginary idea, which might in the course of a few years have been entirely effaced from their thoughts. The many similarities between their religious customs and those of the Jewish nation are striking. Among these may be noticed, the sacrifices of animals and fruit, though they did not hesitate, when their imagined occasion required, to sacrifice their human brethren, and offer up their bodies as worthy the

acceptance of their cruel gods; they had also cities of refuge to which the manslayer and even murderer might fly, and be safe. Such was their state of darkness and barbarity when they were discovered by our most celebrated navigator, and in this state they remained till within the last six years; since which period the changes that have been effected, both in their moral and political condition, are inconceivable; for not only have their temples been demolished, and all their idols been destroyed or carried away into distant countries to be kept only as memorials of the ignorance, cruelty, superstition, and bigotry of man in a savage state; but the benign spirit of Christianity, one principal evidence in favour of which, to uncivilized nations, consists in the humanity of its precepts, and its tendency to make all men happy, even in this life, has been promulgated amongst them with the greatest success.

M. H. B.

OCTOBER.

(For the Mirror.)

"Autumn paints

Ansonian hills with grapes; whilst English plains

Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets."

THIS month is generally pleasant and agreeable as April; for although the opening buddings of the trees, the gay parterre of flowers breathing perfumes and exhaling sweets of varied powers, and the up-springing of daisies and cowslips deck neither our meads nor our grass hedgy banks, yet the soft falling sunbeams and thin hasty showers of rain, alternately tempting and disappointing us of our usual walks, remind us of spring-time, and create a pleasure even in the recollection that autumn is hurrying us away from the scenes of all our delicious out-of-door enjoyments. Let the pale sickening youth now away to the hills and watch the rising sun tinting the distant wood and dew-bespangled fields; there inhale the pure breath of an autumnal breeze, and then journey onwards while the mind receives delight from the surrounding scenery, and the bracing air leaves a ruddy tint of health upon the cheek. If he be a botanist or florist, the decay of the field flowers and garden plants will afford him deep sentiment and thought, and in the green-house he may yet delight to dwell—for there blooms exotic beauty in perfection, grace, and colour. But it is time to seek acquaintance with the sullen monarch of this month of smiles, and frowns, and tears.

This month was called *Domitianus* in the time of Domitian; but after his death, by the decree of the senate, it took the name of October, every one despising the memory of so detestable a tyrant. By the Saxons, according to our old friend Verstegan, it was called *Wynmonat*, because they made wine in it. In the quaint author's language—"Albeit they had not suntiently wines made in Germany, yet in this season had they them from divers countries adjoining." Peacham dresses October in a garment of yellow and carnation, with a garland of "oake leaves and acornes" upon his head, in his right hand the sign Scorpio, and in his left a basket of servises, medlars, and chestnuts and other fruits peculiar to the liness of the season; his robe being the colour of leaves and flowers decaying. Our hedges are now adorned with hips, haws, sloes, and blackberries, and the orchards and garden-walls are hung with the luscious apple, tempting pear, and grape, full of lavish juice. But the leaves are falling—and soon the fruits of rich variety of hues will be gathered in—and a gloomy desolation reign around. The rich forest scenery of the month with all its grandeur and solemn pomp is disappearing, and soon the rough blast will scatter the yellow leaves around in sad profusion, and strew the silent vallies with "the sylvan spoil." But we must cease this strain, or we shall too early anticipate the melancholy and loneliness of the coming month; yet, this is a fit time to impress a moral and to moralize—and as we have had our sympathies excited by the calm tone of a sweet autumnal sonnet, we will conclude with "Regrets and Anticipations," from the present number of *Blackwood's Magazine*:—

"Ripe-dropping fruits, shorn fields, and cloudy skies,

To tell us that the year is on the wane,
That silent Time irrevocably flies,
And that the past never comes back again!—
Fix not Hope's anchor in the sands of Earth,
For Sorrow's storms shall dash thy bark afar
Over the howling main, which shows no star,
Hought, save black clouds, and desolation's
dearth!

Years bring not back the dead; deaf is the ear
Of stubborn fate: be humble, be resigned,
And with unwavering heart the issue wait;
So Faith will lead thee through Death's vale
of fear.

And, entering with thee the eternal gate,
Did the freed spirit all true pleasures find."

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR OCTOBER.

(For the Mirror.)

BEFORE I enter upon my remarks for
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this month, allow me to correct a trifling typographical error which was inadvertently admitted into the paper for last month, viz. the positions of the planets are there stated in deg. and sec.; it should have been deg. and min. To proceed.

Our attendant satellite, the Moon, is in opposition, or full, on the 15th, at 9 h. 46 m. P. M.; therefore, during the five preceding, and five succeeding evenings, her great lustre will prove rather unpropitious to the view of those who are admirers of the heavenly bodies, and love to trace their progress in the course assigned them by the infallible laws of nature.

The ecliptic rising fastest about the signs *Pisces* and *Aries*, and slowest about *Virgo* and *Libra*, and the autumnal full Moon, being in the former signs, rises soon after Sunset for several successive evenings. She can only be full when opposite to the Sun, and he never being in the latter signs except in our autumnal months, the Moon is never full in *Pisces* and *Aries* but in those months; the first is called the *harvest* Moon, and the latter the *hunters' Moon*. She also passes through those signs every month, and rises with as little difference of time as in harvest. The reason why this circumstance is not observed at any other time during the year is obvious. In winter these signs rise at noon, the Moon being then in her first quarter; but when the Sun is above the horizon, the Moon's rising is neither regarded nor perceived. In spring they rise with the Sun, and the Moon changing in them is quite invisible. In summer they rise about midnight; the Moon is then in her third quarter, and giving but little light, her rising passes unobserved; but in autumn, these signs being opposite to the Sun, rise when he sets, with the Moon in opposition, which makes her rising very conspicuous.

Mercury is invisible throughout the month; he passes his superior conjunction on the 12th, at midnight.

Venus slowly advances, closely pursued by the Sun, traversing a space of only 30° during the month, a motion not exceeding that of the Earth. She may be seen towards the end near the horizon, setting about one hour and a half after the Sun.

Mars is in the south-west, setting two hours after Venus.

Jupiter can only be seen toward the end, early in the morning, from about 5 h. to 6 h. He is fast receding from the Sun, and will become visible much earlier as winter approaches.

Saturn may be observed in the east after 9 h. evening. On the 18th, the

planet's motion becomes retrograde, and continues so the remainder of the year.

The Sun enters *Scorpio* on the 23rd, at 10 h. 48 m. P. M. On that evening, at 8 h. a large fixed star may be seen in the south, 8° above the horizon. It is *Fomalhaut*, in *Pisces*, and is of the first magnitude. Between this star and the zenith may also be seen two others; the lower, at an altitude of 52° , is *Markab*; and the higher, *Scheat Alforas*; which star, with two more to the westward, one of the 3rd and one of the 4th magnitude, form a triangle nearly equilateral. Eastward of *Markab* is *Algenib*, all being in the constellation *Pegasus*, the flying horse. Above *Algenib*, at an elevation of 65° , is *Alpheratz*, in the forehead of *Andromeda*; the four largest are of the second magnitude, and form a square, the western side of which is in the meridian with *Fomalhaut*. The first point of *Aries* lies in the direction of the eastern side of the square, about as far below *Algenib* as that star is below *Alpheratz*. Eastward of this star, at equal distances, are two others, also of the second magnitude; the first *Mirach*, in the body, and the farthest, *Almaach*, in the left heel of *Andromeda*. The latter (*Almaach*) is an interesting telescopic object, being double. The two principal stars in *Gemini*, viz. *Castor* of the first, and *Pollux* of the second magnitude, are in the north-east near the horizon. *Altair*, in the south-west, having passed the meridian at 5 h. 41 m. at an altitude of $47^{\circ} 3'$, Mars is the only planet above the horizon.

On the 30th, the Sun is invisibly eclipsed at 13 h. 22 m., or 5 h. 47 m. before Sunrise on the 31st. The eclipse, therefore, could not possibly be visible in England at this time of the morning, as the Sun is then below the horizon. There is a cause which varies the circumstances of an eclipse of the Sun which cannot affect a Lunar one. To know if an eclipse of the Moon is visible, we have only to ascertain whether the Moon herself is visible, for from the period of her setting to that of her rising it is clear that the eclipse must be invisible. In order, however, to ascertain that an eclipse of the Sun is visible, we must not only be certain of his being above the horizon, but the Moon's latitude must be such as to bring her between us and the Sun; for at the same moment of time one part of the earth may be covered with the darkness of a total eclipse; whilst at another, the inhabitants may behold the Sun in all his brightness without any intervening object. The annexed diagram will serve to illustrate these remarks:—



Let the straight line *AB* represent a path on one side of a field, *C* a tree or other object, and *D* a gate on the opposite side. A spectator, advancing from *A* to *B*, when at *A* the gate *D* will be perfectly clear; at *E* the tree *C* will apparently pass the gate, and either partially or wholly obscure it; as he approaches *B* the gate will again be distinct; consequently two persons may be in the same path, to one the gate would appear eclipsed by the tree, but the other would not observe any such effect. In a similar manner a solar eclipse may vary. The Sun at the same instant may be shining from the north pole to the south, and from 90° east longitude to 90° west, and the new Moon situated between that body and the equator. If an observer is travelling from the north pole to the south, the first 56° he sees the Sun without any eclipse, then the Moon begins to darken that luminary, and this obscuration gradually increases till he passes the equinoctial line; there the Sun is centrally eclipsed immediately above him. As he goes farther south, the Moon seems gradually to pass over the Sun, till at 34° south she leaves him, and presenting only her dark side to the earth, becomes invisible, and the eclipse ceases. If a person traverse the globe from east to west, the like effects will be observed, from which it is evident that the eclipse will be visible to all who live within a circle that passes through 34° north and 34° south latitude, 34° east and 34° west longitude, and invisible to all who reside without that circle, being a space 56° broad in every direction, extending from 34° to 90° north and south latitude, east and west longitude.

An eclipse of the Sun is occasioned by the Moon passing before that luminary almost 400 times nearer the earth than himself; but one of the Moon by the earth's shadow, which falls on her surface. We may therefore easily account for the fact, that we have so many visible eclipses of the Moon, and so few Solar ones visible at any particular part of the globe.

PASCHE.

MEMORABILIA.

(For the Mirror.)

THE first eclipse on record is of the moon, 720 years before Christ.—The antediluvian deluge lasted 377 days, and according to the best authorities, happened 1636 years after the creation, or 2348 years before Christ.—The Pentateuch was written by Moses, in the land of Moab, 1432 years before Christ, where he died, aged 110.—Salem, afterwards Jerusalem, founded by Melchizedek, 1981 years before Christ.—The celebrated library at Alexandria, containing 400,000 volumes, destroyed, 47 years before Christ.—The first jury instituted in England by Alfred the Great, A. D. 879.—Julius Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, the Latin historian, first completed the subjugation of Britain to the Romans, which they kept possession of nearly 400 years.—The Iceni inhabited Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridge; their last petty prince in Britain, before the Roman invasion, was Prasutagus.—The first Saxon king of Kent was Hengist.—Christianity first preached in England by Saint Augustine and others, with permission from Ethelbert, about 650.—The first Crusade to the Holy Land, 1096.—The University of Oxford first founded (or as some contend, re-established) 896, by Alfred the Great.—Wales first united to England, 1282, by Edward I.—The city of Carlisle first built 1163, by William Rufus; by whom also London was greatly improved and augmented.—The last incursion of the Danes, 1006, when they burnt the town of Reading, Berks, and cruelly massacred a convent of Nuns.—London Bridge first built of wood, 993; burnt, 1190; repaired, and re-built of timber, 1190; and lastly, completed in stone by command of king John, 1209.—The first noble who rose to power from the Norman Conquest till Henry II. was Thomas à Becket.—The Benedictine Monks first founded, 466, by Saint Benedict.—Ireland first annexed to England, 1172, by Henry II.—The first Charter granted to the City of London to elect a Mayor, was 1200, by king John; previous to which, a *Mayor* was appointed by the crown.—England first divided into counties and hundreds by Alfred, 892.—Leather gloves first invented in France, 790.—The first drawings of astronomy and celestial observations were commenced at Babylon, 3300 B. C.—The first gold and silver money was made at Argos, 894 B. C.—Maps, globes, and the signs of the Zodiac, invented by Anaximander, 620 B. C.—The first prize given for tragedy, was gained by *Æschylus*, 486 B. C.—

The Multiplication Table and 47 Prop. Book 1, Euclid, were invented by Pythagoras, 496 B. C.—Inventions and discoveries, sciences, vegetables, fruits, &c. introduced to Europe after the Christian era.—Silk from India, 247.—The nine digits now in use from Arabia, by the Saracens, 990; previous to which, letters were employed for numerals.—Paper made from cotton rags and of linen, 1170; the secret of manufacturing it brought to England, 1588.—Glass windows first used in England, about 1080.—The musical notes now in use, 1070.—The mariner's compass invented or improved by Gioia, of Naples, 1300.—Gunpowder invented by Swartz, at Cologne, 1340; though some say the Chinese knew it ages before, and others, that our Friar Bacon, under Edward I. about 1230, first discovered that destructive ingredient; but from motives of humanity, concealed his knowledge.—The first cannon used in battle was by Edward III. at Cressy, 1346.—Coals first used in England, 1357; great prejudices however existed for many years against this useful article.—Playing cards invented in France, 1391; would to fortune they had always remained there.—The first voyage to the East Indies, by the Cape of Good Hope, was made, 1497, by the Portuguese.—The first voyage round the world which was made by an Englishman, 1590, by Sir Francis Drake.—Turret clocks, from Delft, in Holland, 1368.—Printing, from Germany, 1440.—Hats, 1400; though the common people used a kind of woollen cap long after that period.—Engraving on metal, 1460.—Wood engraving by Albert Durer, 1521.—Windmills, 1230.—America discovered by Columbus, 1492.—Charts, 1489.—Algebra, 1494.—Knives and Forks, 1653.—Tobacco, from Tobago, 1583.—Coaches, 1556; the first ever made in England was by Walter Rippon for the earl of Rutland, although a sort of chaise or whirlicote was known in 675, and war chariots were used by the Ancient Britons.—Pocket watches from Germany, 1570; spring pocket watches invented by Dr. Hooke, 1658.—Telescopes by Jansen, of Holland, 1590.—Logarithms by Lord Napier, of Scotland, 1614.—Tea first used in England, 1666.—Bayonets from Bayonne, in France, 1693.—Chocolate from Mexico about 1554.—The orange tree, 1595.—Clover grass, 1645.—Mulberries from Persia, 1576.—The almond from the east, 1570.—The chestnut from Italy, 1412.—The walnut from Persia, 1500.—The apricot from America, 1561.—The plum and damson, (damascene) from Damascus, by the Crusaders, 1100.—Apples

and pears at a very remote date, by the Romans, from Gaul.—Cherries from Cerasus, in Cappadocia, to Rome, and thence to Britain, 93.—Currants (Corinth) from that place, 1533.—Gooseberries and artichokes under Henry VIII., about 1525.—Saffron from Arabia, about 1332.—Turnips from Hanover, date uncertain.—Hops from the Netherlands, 1520.—Carrots also about the same time.—Potatoes by Admiral Hawkins (and not by Sir Walter Raleigh, as is generally supposed) under Elizabeth, 1572.—The jessamine came originally from the East Indies.—The pink and carnation from Italy.—The auricula from Switzerland.—The lily and tulip from the Levant.—The tube rose from Java and Ceylon, and many more imported by commerce under Elizabeth and her successors, the Stuarts, particularly after the restoration of Charles II.—The yard measure, is said, was taken from Henry the First's arm, which was just 36 inches long.—The mile in England contains 1,760 yards; in Russia, 1,100; Italy, 1,467; Scotland and Ireland, 2,200; Poland, 4,400; Spain, 5,028; Germany, 5,866; Sweden and Denmark, 7,233; Hungary, 8,800. In France they use leagues, the small league, 2,933 yards, the mean, 3,666, and the great league 4,400, or just a Polish mile. The recent adoption of making a certain weight the standard for measures of capacity, is by no means a new idea. Henry III. enacted the wine gallon should contain 8 pounds of wheat; our new imperial gallon is to contain 10 pounds of water.

Interest, previous to 1255, was usually 50 per cent., and by 1500 it had gradually reduced to 15 per cent; in 1545 an act restricted it to 10; in 1625 to 8; in 1645 to 6; in 1660 it advanced to £7. 6s. 6d.; in 1690 it fixed at £7. 10s.; in 1697 again at 6; and finally in 1714, queen Anne enacted it at 5 per cent.—Out of the last 700 years, England and France have been 266 years engaged in war.

JACOBUS.

THE ADVENTITIOUS REQUISITES TO POETICAL FEELING.

(For the Mirror.)

* The charms which nature to her votary yields,
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom
shields,

And all the dread magnificence of Heaven.*

BEATTIE.

THE charms of poetry are universally acknowledged. The ferine and the civil-

ized, the ignorant and the learned, have each their species of poetic composition. The literary productions of a nation are certain proofs of its civilization; as civilization increases, poetry assumes its legitimate character, it associates ideas with pleasing facility, and expresses them with all the euphony and grace of which polished language is susceptible. It is not then surprising that poetry should meet with great encouragement, and that the love of it should frequently rise to enthusiasm; but this enthusiasm often induces erroneous judgment, and leads to decisions contrary to reason and veracity.

The ardent lover of poetry is very apt to despise those who do not perceive the transcendent beauty in poetry which he does himself; and that mind which can con the poet's lines without the highest ecstasy and ineffable enjoyment, is unjustly considered vitiated and debased.

If, however, fancy would vail to reason, if the empyreal regions of imagination were controlled by the understanding, such a decision would be rejected, for the poetist would find certain things essential to the real enjoyment of poetry which all do not possess. The fire in the flint is elicited only by collision, and vigour of imagination is excited by congenial objects. However we may be constituted, the reality is more pleasing than the supposition; and when we are confined to the latter, the pleasures of the former are excluded.

Faculties are useless without excitement; and to excite them, proper means are necessary. As an exquisite eye would be useless if it received no impressions, and a delicate ear if there were no sounds; so a refined mind is excited only by refined objects, and not by continually appalling in the dust, or living in association with misery.

Poetical writing principally consists of comparison; metaphor, simile, allusion, form its most prominent and fascinating features. Now to understand a comparison, and to appreciate its beauty and force, we must be acquainted with the objects it brings together; and the more perfect our acquaintance, the more we perceive its beauty. Comparisons are formed from things, and not from words; and, therefore, to appreciate them, mere verbal knowledge is futile. But how many are there whose station or circumstances preclude an acquaintance with poetical objects; the lucid lake, the roaring torrent, the verdant plain, the misty mountain, are objects they never saw, nor can see; and yet these objects must be seen ere we can judge of the description.

All our endeavours at composition^a are trifling when compared with a transitory view of the object; to describe what has never been seen is more than usual fancy can achieve. He who is continually pent up in a crowded city, cannot relish a grand and vivid description of nature so exquisitely as they who are conversant with the objects described; he may be pleased with the harmony of a period, or the music of a cadence, but he is not inspired with the idea which filled the soul of the poet. One unacquainted with rural manners sees little beauty in eclogues, because he has no ideas adequate to the expressions. Such a reader is obliged to compound his ideas, to laboriously add one idea to another till the image is complete. Thus to conceive of sheep recumbent in a meadow and shepherds piping, it is necessary to combine the ideas of green, field, sheep, recumbency, shepherds, a musical instrument, and its sound; but when all this is done, how rapid is the idea! The charm which gives beauty to the scene is beyond his reach, far never having witnessed it, he cannot feel that beautiful harmony which subsists among the objects, or image the melody of the rural pipe amid the serenity of the grove. Besides, poetry produces its effect by awakening ideas instantly; we see the beauty, the appositeness of the idea in a moment. When we submit to the drudgery of composition, poetry becomes irksome; it drops the garb of pleasure, and assumes that of metaphysics.

But we have yet seen only the fairer side of the picture; we have supposed that poetical beauties may be felt in some degree by composition; but there are circumstances in which even composition is impossible. As there are stations in life which necessarily awaken poetry; so there are others which are aversive to every aspiration, and which check and depress all poetical feeling. We should, on all subjects, well weigh the effect of circumstances; for on these depend, not only relative station in society, but generally the very texture and constitution of the mind.

But genius has been said to possess a transforming power, so as to exalt what is mean, and elevate what is debased. This is to be taken in a very qualified sense. Genius cannot, by any mental alchemy, change the nature of things; it may enhance the qualities of objects, but it cannot transmute them. Genius cannot render wretchedness pleasant, or misery delightful; if it did it would be deceptive, and calculated to foster false notions. The greatest genius, if surrounded by

misery, is miserable; and if exposed to privation, is distressed. Therefore, genius cannot always rise triumphantly above circumstances, and contemplate objects with which it is not familiar; nor can we justly appreciate poetry, without an acquaintance with the objects it portrays. How could we judge of the skill of a limner, or the beauty of his performance, if we never saw the person he has represented?

The lovers of poetry should not then hastily censure those who are not so sensible to poetic beauty as themselves. This apparent insensibility is often not ascribable to mental defect, but to adverse circumstances; and as the absence of proper objects is equivalent to the privation of the sense, it is as absurd and as cruel to scorn such, as it would be to insult a blind man because he cannot appreciate the merits of Raphael, or a deaf man because he receives no pleasure from the *chefs d'œuvres* of Handel.

Those who can enjoy what little of poetry they do comprehend are not the objects of contempt; stimulated by the scanty pleasures they derive, they aspire to more, but their aspirations are in vain. When poetry and poverty are united, misery and anguish are their invariable associates. Such are of all men most miserable; to them, earth loses its enjoyments and life its value. But they look forward with firm hope and unmixed joyfulness to the period when, in delightful avocation, they shall leave the dull regions of mortality, burst the trammels of sense, and approximate more nearly to HIM, who is the fulness of happiness, the fountain of intellect, and the centre of perfection. J.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER.

(For the Mirror.)

BROU sister! I have mark'd thy gentle form,
-Fading like yellow leaves when autumn's fled,
Bending so calmly to the ruthless storm;
That burst at last on thy devoted head.

I saw thee fade—the harbinger of sighs,
The crimson flush that mantled o'er thy cheek,
Th' unvoiced lustre sparkling in thine eyes,
Oh, what a tale of sadness did they speak!

Oh, for a strain of sorrow, a lament
For her who was in life belov'd so well!
And while the heart with bitter grief is rent,
Lest to the chime, each of his passing bell!

Oft have I sat and watch'd the western sun,
Tinging the green wave with its golden light,
All unrejoicing that his race was run,
And that his beams were sinking into night.

Oft have I wander'd 'mid the ruin'd towers
Of other days, of years long since gone by,
'Mid desolation, all that time devours,
Nor check'd the gushing tear, the rising sigh.

^a The composition of ideas is here intended.

And I have seen the heavy head of old
Laid on the bosom of its parent clay
With tears, and pray'd my soul might be upheld
When others, dear to me, had pass'd away!

If evening sun, and time-worn, shatter'd towers,
If age, when gather'd to the stilly grave,
With deep, but soothing sadness overpowers,
Oh, what a burst of wailing shalt thou have!

How is my own distress'd and sad for thee,
Thus wither'd in thy youthful bloom away;
The dew of heaven fresh glitter'd on the tree,
And life's bright morn but cast on thee one ray!

Cut down and quickly perish'd, ere of eve
The lengthening shadows flung around their
gloom;

But hush, my soul! be still, and cease to grieve,
And look beyond the dark and silent tomb!

Freed from this weary scene of toil and care,
Release'd from suffering's dark and dreary
night,

The morning of her joy has risen so fair,
Her's is a stainless Eden of delight!

Sojourning in this wilderness, she trod
Through flowerless deserts to her throne of rest;
And now, she sings a hymn unto her God,
And joins the ceaseless anthems of the blest!

Dark was that hour and sad, the valley gain'd,
Whose blackness quails the stoutest heart of
night;

But o'er the hills, where gloom and terror reign'd,
Rose Judah's star, all radiantly and bright!

Her mourning's ended—pass'd life's fever'd
dream—

Ceas'd now for aye each cause of anxious fear;
And from the eye, where lately roll'd the stream,
Her Father and her God had wip'd the tear.

Long years may roll, may come and speed away,
But through this bleak world, as I pass away,
Thine image in my heart shall hold a place,

While memory's faintest power retains its
way.

EDGAR.

BEAR-BAITING.

(For the Mirror.)

THE first rise of this barbarous custom cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, but it has the sanction of high antiquity. Fitzstephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II, and whose description of London was written in 1174, and supposed to be the earliest extant, informs us, that in the forenoon of every holiday, during the winter season, the young Londoners were amused with bears opposed to each other in battle; or with bulls and full-grown bears, baited by dogs. The baiting of horses was never a general practice; but asses, which did not sufficiently answer the purpose of sport, were occasionally treated with the same inhumanity. Erasmus, who visited England in the reign of Henry VIII, says, that there were many herds of bears maintained in this country for the purpose of baiting. This sport made one of the amusements of the ro-

manche of queen Elizabeth; and she caused the French ambassadors to be carried to the Bear-garden, to divert them with these bloody spectacles. "Herein," says Stowe, "were kept bears, bulls, and other beasts to be bayted, as also mastives in several kennels, nourished to bayt them. These bears and other beasts are there kept in plots of ground, scaffolded about for the beholders to stand safe." This place was situated on Bank-side; it was of an irregular form, and, probably, before it was used for the purpose of sports, had been literally a garden. We are not informed when this building was erected, though it appears in Agass's plan, published 1563. When queen Mary visited her sister Elizabeth, during her confinement at Hatfield, a great exhibition of bear-baiting was presented, immediately after mass in the morning, for their amusement. Bewick says, "The bear was once an inhabitant of this island, and was included in the ancient laws and regulations respecting beasts of chase. Long after their extirpation they were imported for the cruel purpose of baiting."

P. T. W.

* There is one in the coffee-room at Curwen's, Change-alley.

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING.

WE now proceed beating each field with unrelaxing diligence; we try swathe oats or wheat, or barley stubble, then look the clover, or turnips are more likely; in that, each piece of land we enter gives fresh hopes; we are sure they must be there, but having beat this field and that in vain, we had a better-founded hope of finding in the next adjoining. At length the dogs are certain in the turnips, and we approach with ardour heightened by delay; the dogs stand immovable as blocks of stone, and the heart beats with rapture at the approaching moment:—

"In his mid career, the spaniel struck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretched, and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey back
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way.
Through the rough stubble turn the secret
eye."

A partridge now rises with a rustling noise, and spreads its wings; my well-aimed gun quickly stops him in his flight, and kills him on the spot. This is the moment which a novice in the field would think the highest pitch of joy; but he is mistaken—the pleasure ceases with the victory—the lifeless animal is negligently thrown into the bag, and all the eagerness of hasty charging is repeated, lest other birds should rise while I am unprepared.

Curiosities from the Sandwich Islands.



We are much gratified in being enabled to give two engravings of a most important and highly interesting character in our present number, and we are induced to believe that our illustrations of the prevailing ceremonies of a people inhabiting so remote a part of the globe will prove both useful and acceptable to our numerous readers. For the preceding sketches and descriptions, we are greatly indebted to the kindness of a correspondent, who informs us that the curiosities (which our artist has faithfully engraved) were brought from the Sandwich Islands last year, by an officer of the Blonde,

and are, at this time, in the possession of a gentleman in Warwickshire.

The following explanatory observations conclude, for the present, our notice of the "Curiosities from the Sandwich Islands."

No. 1, is a consecrated bowl made of the wood of the etoa tree: it is curious as being most regularly carved and polished without the assistance of any iron tool; in it is a cocoa nut, presented as an offering. This was taken out of the moral by an officer of the Blonde, in 1835.

No. 2, a pohan or dagger of hard wood, with the handle curiously carved.

No. 3, a parson or finely polished ornament of ivory, highly valued by the natives, and worn on the breast suspended by a necklace of human hair curiously braided: the number of braids in this one is upwards of 270. When a chief was killed in battle, the opposite party all crowded round him and endeavoured to tear this ornament from him.

No. 4, a small wooden idol, the head is like a bird's, with a rude resemblance of the human body attached to it.

No. 5, a stone hatchet. These were formerly the only instruments used by the natives, and with them their idols and ornaments of wood were carved: it is composed of a species of lava, with which the islands abound.

No. 6, another wooden idol with a curiously shaped crest. This is covered with stripes of red, blue, and yellow cloth; the eyes are made of mother-of-pearl, and in the mouth are two rows of teeth.

M. H. B.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

A GREENWICH pensioner! Did any of my readers ever ponder on that strange composition of battered humanity and blue serge? Did they never feel a something approaching very near gratitude on passing, in the metropolis, a Greenwich pensioner, who with his honest, carved-out, unabashed front, looks as bluntly and as wonderingly at the bustle and splendour around him, as does an unsophisticated wether suddenly removed from South Downs to Cheapside, whilst shaking his woollen coat beneath the whip of the coachman to the Lord Mayor. What a mixture of gravity and wonderment is in the poor brute's countenance! how with its meek uplifted head, it stares at the effulgent vehicle,—runs leaping at the coach-wheels, mistaking them for hurdles—falls, awe-struck, back, at the gilt and beavered greatness of the footman's cocked-hat—then, suddenly awakened from its amazement by the lurcher's teeth or the driver's stick, makes an unlucky spring of some three feet into the air, catches a glance of its figure in the mirrored walls of a silk-mercera's, and, startled at the sight, dashes through the first court,—carrying, perhaps, a few yards upon its back, some red-faced, nankeen-gaitered little stock-broker, whose spattered small-clothes are for a time unregarded, in the mighty rush of drovers, butchers, dogs, and idlers.

Now such is the real Greenwich pensioner. When I say *real*, I mean one who abhors London worse than he does a Frenchman; who thinks there is nothing to be seen in it, unless indeed it be Nelson's tomb, in St. Paul's, or the Ship, public-house, in Tooley-street. London is to him a never-failing source of merriment; that is, whilst he is out of it. He sits at Greenwich, and looking as sagely as a starling ere he snaps at a fly, at the piled-up clouds of smoke hanging over the metropolis, or, indeed, almost propped upon its chimney-pots, and stretching forth his stick, significantly points them out to his former shipmates, asking them if they do not think "there is something dark over there—something of an 'ox-eye' to the west?" He, indeed, never ventures to London, unless it be for a fresh supply of tobacco, or to pay a quarterly visit to his grand-daughter, the upper housemaid in a gentleman's family—and who, indeed, thinks with horror upon his call, because the neighbours laugh at the cocked-hat and the shoe-buckles of her relative; but principally because Richard, the baker's young man, declares he hates all sailors. The visit is never a very lengthened one, especially if the girl lives far to the west; for her grandfather has to call upon Will Somebody, who set up, with his prize-money, a public-house in Wapping; so off he starts, hurries up the Strand, touches his hat from a point of principle as he nears Somerset House; puts out more canvass, and away for Temple Bar. The pensioner has not yet, however, sat for his picture.

We have all read of crabs being decapitated of their claws, locusts of their entrails, and turtles of their brains, receiving in lieu thereof a pellet of cotton, and yet retaining life, and appearing, in the words of the experimentalizing and soft-hearted naturalist "very lively and comfortable." Now, the real Greenwich pensioner distances all these; he is, indeed, an enigma; nature knows not what to make of him. He has been suspended, like a schoolboy's bob-cherry, a hundred times over the chaps of death, and yet still been snatched away by the hand of Providence—to whom, indeed, his many hurts and dangers have especially endeared him. Ye of the "land interest," ye soft-faced young sparks, who think with terror upon a razor on a frosty morning,—ye suffering old gentlemen, who pause at a linen-draper's, and pass the flannel between your fingers, as time verges towards October—ye martyrs to a winter cough, ye racked with a quarterly tooth-ache—all ye of household sittings,

look upon this hacked, shivered piece of clay, this Greenwich pensioner—consider of how many of his powers he is despoiled—see where the cutlass and the boarding-pike have ploughed up and pierced his flesh; see where the bullet has glanced, singeing by; and when you have reckoned up—if they are to be reckoned—his many scars, above all, look at his hard, contented, weather-barnacled face, and then, gentle spectators, complain of your rheums, your joint-twitchings, and your corns!

Why, this Greenwich pensioner is in himself a record of the last forty years' war. He is a breathing volume of naval history; not an event but is somewhere indented in him with steel or lead; he has been the stick in which the English Mars has notched his cricket-matches, when twenty-four pounders were balls, and mainmasts wickets. See, in his blinded eye is Howe's victory on the glorious first of June; that stump of what was once an arm, is Nile; and in his wooden leg, read Trafalgar. As to his scars, a gallant action, or a desperate cutting out is noted in every one of them. And what was the old fellow's only wish, as with a shattered knee, he lay in the cockpit under the surgeon's hand—what was his earnest supplication to the wet-eyed messmate who bore him down the hatchway? Simply, that he would save him one of the splinters of the mainmast of the Victory, to make of it a leg for Sundays! His wish was granted; and at Greenwich, always on the seventh day, and also on the 21st of October, is he to be seen, propped upon the inestimable splinter, which from labour, time, and bee's wax, has taken the dark glossiness of mahogany. What a face he has! What a certain consciousness of his superiority on his own element at times puffs out his lip, and gives a sudden twitch to his head! But ask him in what quarter sets the wind—and note, how with his one eye he will glance at you from top to toe; and, without ever raising his head or hand to make a self-inquiry, answers you at once, as though it was a question he was already prepared for! And so, indeed, he is; it being his first business, on rising, to consult the weather. The only way to gain his entire confidence, is at once frankly to avow your utter ignorance, and his superiority; and then, after he has leered at you with an eye, in which there is a meeting of contempt, good-humour, and self-importance, he is wholly your own; and will straightway launch into the South Seas, coast along the shores of Guinea, where—by the bye, he will tell

you he once fell in love with a negress, who, however, jilted him for the cook,—and then he will launch out about admiral Duncan—take you a voyage with him round Cape Horn, where a mermaid appeared, and sung a song to the ship's crew; and who, indeed, blew aside all the musket-shots that were ungallantly fired at her in requital of her melody. But our pensioner has one particular story; hear him through that, suffer yourself to be wholly astounded at its recital, and, if you were not a landsman, he would instantly greet you as his dearest friend. The heroes of this same story, are our pensioner and a shark; a tremendous shark that used to be the terror of the harbour of St. Thomas's. Upon this shark, and the piece of the mainmast of the Victory, is our pensioner content to rest all his importance during his life, and fame with posterity. He will tell you that he, being caterer of the mess, let fall a piece of beef out at the port-hole, which this terrible shark received into its jaws, and twisted its body most provokingly at the delicious mouthful. Hereupon our pensioner,—it was before, he reminds you, he had lost a limb—asks leave of the first-lieutenant (for the captain was ashore) to have a bout with the shark; leave being granted, all the crew are quickly in the shrouds, and upon the hammock-netting, to see Tom—"tackle the shark." Our pensioner now enters into a minute detail of how, having armed himself with a long knife, he jumped overboard, dived under the shark, whom he saw approaching with distended jaws, and inflicted a tremendous wound with the knife in the belly of the fish; this is repeated thrice, when the shark turns itself upon its back—a boat is let down, and both the conqueror and the conquered are quickly received upon deck. You are doubtless astonished at this; he, however, adds to your surprise by telling you that the mess regaled off this piece of beef recovered from the fish; he more astounded at this, although mingle no doubt in your astonishment, and he will straightway promise some day to treat your eyes with a sight of a set of chequer-men, cut from the very dorsal bone of the immolated shark! To be the hearer of a sailor's tale, is something like undergoing the ancient ordeal of red-hot ploughshares; be innocent of unbelief, and you may, as was held, journey in safety; doubt the smallest point, and you are quickly withered into nought.

What an odd contrast to his early life is the state of a Greenwich pensioner! It is as though a part of the angry and foaming sea should lie stagnant in a bath.

ing-tub. All his business is to recount his former adventures—to plod about, and look with a disdainful eye at trees, and brick and mortar; or, when he would indulge in a serious fit of spleen, to walk down to the river's side, and let his gall feed on the mishaps of London apprentices, who, fearless of consequences, may have ventured some five miles from home in not a "trim-built wherry." A Greenwich pensioner fresh from sea is a most preposterous creature; he gets up every morning for a week, a month, and still finds himself in the same place; he knows not what to make of it—he feels the strangeness of his situation, and would, had he the patience and the wit, liken himself to a hundred unsettled things. Compare him to a hippopotamus in a gentleman's park, and he would tell you, he had in his day seen a hippopotamus, and then, with a good-natured grunt, acquiesce in the resemblance; or to a jolly-boat in a flower-garden; or to a sea-gull in the cage of a canary; or to a porpoise upon a hearth-rug; or to a boatswain's-whistle in a nursery; or to a marling-spike in a milliner's work-room; or a tar-barrel in a confectioner's; with any one or all of these misplaced articles would our unsettled pensioner sympathize, until time shall have reconciled him to this asylum; and even then, his fancy, like the shells upon our mantel-piece, will sound of the distant and dangerous ocean. At Greenwich, however, the mutilated old sailor has time enough to indulge in the recollection of his early days, and, with what wisdom he may, to make up his mind to meet in another world those whom his arm may have sent thither long before. Death, at length, gently lays the veteran upon his back—his last words, as the sailor puts his withered hand upon his heart, are "all's well," and sea and earth have passed away. His body, which had been for forty years a bulwark to the land, now demands of it but "two paces of the vilest earth;" and if aught could spring from the tomb characteristic of its inmate, from the grave of the pensioner would arise the stout, unbending oak—it would be his fitting monument; and the carolling of the birds in its branches would be his loud his artless epitaph.

The Greenwich pensioner, wherever we meet with him, is a fine, quaint memento of our national greatness, and our fortunate locality. We should look upon him as the representative of Neptune, and bend our spirit towards him accordingly. But that is not sufficient; we have individual acknowledgments to make to him for the comforts of a long safety.

Let us but consider, as we look at his wooden supporter, that if it had not been for his leg, the cannon-ball might have scattered us in our tea-parlour—the bullet which deprived him of his orb of vision, might have stricken *Our Village* from our hand, whilst ensconced in our study; the cutlass which cleaved his shoulder, might have demolished our china vase, or our globe of golden fish;—instead of which, hemmed round by such walls of stout and honest flesh, we have lived securely, participating in every peaceful and domestic comfort, and neither heard the roar of the cannon nor seen its smoke. Shakspeare has compared England to "a swan's nest" in the "world's pool;" let us be nautical in our similes, and liken her to a single lemon-kernel in a huge bowl of punch; who is it that has prevented the kernel from being ladled down the throat of despotism, from becoming but an atom of the great loathsome mass?—our Greenwich pensioner. Who has kept our houses from being transformed into barracks, and our cabbage-markets into parades?—again, and again, let it be answered—the Greenwich pensioner. Reader, if the next time you see the tar, you should perchance have with you your wife and smiling family, think that if their tenderness has never been shocked by scenes of blood and terror, you owe such quietude to a Greenwich pensioner. Indeed, I know not if a triennial progress of the Greenwich establishment through the whole kingdom would not be attended with the most beneficial effects—fathers would teach their little ones to lip thanksgivings unto God that they were born in England, as reminded of their happy superiority by the withered form of every Greenwich pensioner.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Miscellanies.

LETTER CUTTING FANCY.

THE gentleman from Gloucester who was brought to Marlborough-street Office for cutting his initials on the seat in Hyde Park, might have quoted as authority for so doing, some of the brightest ornaments of science and literature in all ages of the world. On the pyramids of Egypt is a host of names, among which is that of Tournefort, the celebrated traveller and botanist. The pagodas on the road to Peking contain the names of the principal persons who formed the embassy of Lord Macartney to China. In the school at Westminster are names and initials innumerable, and in large capitals this

name of Dryden, on the form on which he sat. From the earliest times it has been common to cut names, &c. on the steel and perishable works of man; and where is the individual whose feelings have not been excited in tracing in foreign countries or even his native soil, the initials or name of some dear friend which called to mind some sweet remembrance? If any one does an act of this kind contrary to decency, let him be exposed, but in the name of common sense, and for the sake of the art of engraving and letter cutting, annoy not this innocent fancy which has been coeval with mankind; the writer of these few hints trusts he may never be cut-up for carving the initials of

P. T. W.

TOWER OF LONDON.

THE improvements in the metropolis, which we have had occasion to notice, do not appear to be confined to the enlargement of streets and beautifying the town with superior architecture, but are extending to our public exhibitions. It was certainly high time that the daily repetition of falsehoods, not altogether harmless, but too contemptible to be regarded seriously, should have a termination, especially as Dr. Meyrick's work on Armour had so completely exposed them that their continuance was bringing our superb national collection into contempt. The government, therefore, determined on a new arrangement of their ancient panoplies of war, and (if report speaks true) have applied to that gentleman to superintend the operations. A spacious room has been erected on the south side of the White Tower, and (if we may judge from the busts) great activity prevails in carrying this matter into effect. As all strangers are for the present excluded, we have not been permitted to witness any proceedings in the interior; but from the number of curious and beautiful cannons which have been for some days past hauled into the room by several artillerymen, we give credence to the information that they will be chronologically disposed as well as the armour. Report adds, that there will be exhibited some suits more ancient than appeared in the former arrangement, the several parts having been got together and combined from the more hidden ordnance stores. *Gentleman's Magazine.*

POWER OF THE SUN'S RAYS.

MR. MACKINTOSH, a respectable and intelligent gentleman, who is contractor for the government works carrying on at

Stonehouse-Point, Plymouth, and descended in the diving-bell, with workmen, for the purpose of laying a foundation for a sea-wall, reports, that when the machine, which is provided with convex glasses in the upper part of the bell, was twenty-five feet under water, to his astonishment he perceived one of the workmen's caps smoking; on examining it he found that the rays of the sun had converged through the glass, and burnt a hole in the cap; also, that similar effects had, during hot weather, frequently occurred on their clothes, so that the workmen, now aware of the cause, place themselves out of the focal point.—*Ibid.*

PRINTING ON ZINC.

AT the book-store of Leake, at Darmstadt, has appeared the first great work whose prints are taken from plates of zinc; it is a collection of architectural monuments, which will consist of twenty numbers. The drawings are made upon zinc as upon stone, and the expense of engraving is thus avoided. The editor is, in consequence, able to sell each number, containing twelve folio plates, at five francs, upon common paper. In an economical point of view, this process deserves to be recommended.—*Ibid.*

ROCKETS.

M. VAILLANT, an inhabitant of Boulogne, the inventor of the winged rockets which made so great a noise in Paris, in 1823, has just discovered a new mode of discharging rockets, without either wings or sticks. In a trial recently made, notwithstanding there was a very strong westerly wind, the rockets mounted much higher than the common ones, without deviating in the slightest degree from the right line. This invention promises to obviate the accidents frequently occasioned by the rockets with sticks, and the inconvenience and liability to derangement of the winged rockets. M. Vaillant is on the point of repairing to Paris, there to repeat his experiments on a large scale.—*Ibid.*

FOSSIL ANIMALS.

THE researches of modern geology have brought to light, at different times, specimens of the organized remains of a former order of things on our globe, of which by no means the least remarkable characteristic is their enormous size. Professor Buckland, some years ago discovered what at first seemed to be a fossil

tree, but, upon examination, proved to be a thigh bone, with all the characters belonging to the genus *Saurus* (lizard, crocodile, &c.) Soon after a fragment of a jaw, presenting similar indications, was found. From the known proportions of the existing species, he calculated that the length of this reptile must have been upwards of sixty feet, and its bulk equal to that of an elephant seven feet high. It has been appropriately termed the *megalosaurus*. A discovery of a yet more formidable monster has very recently been made. Teeth have been found by some French naturalists having the character of the shark species. From accurate measurement and comparison with existing shark's teeth, it has been computed that they must have belonged to animals (upon the very lowest estimate) in one instance 30, and in another 43 feet in length.—*Ibid.*

FATHER AND SON.

IN the town of Galway, in Ireland, there is a very ancient stone house, over the door of which is very coarsely carved a death's head and cross bones. The circumstance which caused this emblem is curious.

About the time of Henry VII, or perhaps earlier, the town was in itself a palatinate, and all the law proceedings ran in the name of the mayor, who had also the power of pardoning or condemning criminals. John de Burgh, then mayor, was a very opulent merchant, and traded largely, especially with Cadiz, in Spain. On some occasion he sent over his only son with a cargo to Don Alonzo Herrera, his correspondent there, who received young De Burgh with the greatest hospitality; and on his departure he sent with him on a visit his own son, together with a very large sum in specie to purchase merchandize. The young De Burgh, tempted by this wealth, with the assistance of two or three of the crew, the vessel being his father's, threw the young Spaniard overboard, and on his return appeared greatly distressed by the loss of his friend, who he pretended had died at sea of a fever. For some time this succeeded; but at length, on a quarrel between two of the sailors concerned in the murder, the whole business transpired, the men were seized, and instantly accused young De Burgh. The wretched father was obliged to mount the tribunal, to sit in judgment on his only son, and with his own lips to pronounce that sentence which left him childless, and at once blasted for ever the honour of an ancient and noble family. His fellow-citizens,

who revered his virtues and pitied his misfortunes, saw with astonishment the fortitude with which he yielded to the cruel necessity, and heard him doom his son to a public and ignominious death on the following morning. Their compassion for the father, their affection for the man, every nobler feeling was roused, and they privately determined to rescue the young man from the prison that night, under the conviction that De Burgh, having already paid the tribute due to justice and his honour, would secretly rejoice at the preservation of the life of his son. But they little knew the heart of this noble magistrate. By some accident their determination reached his ear; he instantly removed his son from the prison to his own house, and after partaking with him the office of the holy communion, after giving and receiving a mutual forgiveness, he caused him to be hung at his own door.

The father immediately resigned his office; and after his death, which speedily followed that of his son, the citizens fixed over the door of the house a skull and bones, which remain there to this day.

SELDEN.

WHEN the learned John Selden was a member of the famous assembly of divines at Westminster, who were appointed to new model religion, he used to delight in puzzling them with curious quibbles. In one of these debates these venerable sages were very gravely employed in determining the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho; and one of the brethren, to prove that it could be but a short distance, observed, "that *fish* was carried from one place to the other." On which Mr. Selden said, "Perhaps it was *salt fish*." This remark threw the determination again into uncertainty.

THE MIRACLE OF THE SKULL.

Two men digging a grave in a churchyard at Macon, upon the river Seine, found a skull, which they threw upon the grass by them, with the common unconcern of grave-diggers; but soon after, perceiving it to stir, they ran to the corner of the parish, and told him what they had seen. The superstitious curate immediately supposed it was the skull of some saint that had been buried in that place, and therefore posted thither, where, to his great surprise and joy, he found the skull still moving, upon which he cried out, "A miracle! a miracle!" and resolved to have the precious relic deposited in his church with all proper ceremonies;

for which purpose, he sent in all haste for a consecrated dish, a cross, and holy water, his surplice, stole, and cap, ordered all the bells to be rung, and sent to give notice of the joyful news to the parishioners, who thronged in crowds to the place. Then he had the skull placed in the consecrated dish, and being covered with a napkin, it was carried to the church in procession; during which, great debates arose among the parishioners, every one insisting that some of their family had been buried in that place, in order that they might assume to themselves the honour of having a saint in their family. Upon their arrival at the church, the skull was placed on the high altar, and a *Te Deum* was begun; but when they came to the verse, "*Te per orbem terrarum*," a mole unluckily crawling out of the skull, discovered the secret cause of its motion; upon which a stop was put to the ceremony, and the congregation being greatly disappointed, dispersed.

ECHOES.

THESE are single and compound echoes. In the former, only one repetition of the sound is heard; in the latter, there are two, three, four, five, &c. repetitions. We are even told of echoes that can repeat the same word forty or fifty times. Single echoes are those where there is only one obstacle; but double, triple, or quadruple echoes, give us reason to suppose several obstacles disposed in such a manner, that the different reflected sounds strike the ear at times sensibly different. There are some echoes that repeat several words in succession; but this is not astonishing, and must always be the case when a person is at such a distance from the echo, that there is sufficient time to pronounce several words before the repetition of the first has reached the ear. There are certain echoes which have been much celebrated on account of their singularity, or of the number of times that they repeat the same word. Misson, in his description of Italy, speaks of an echo, in the vineyard of Simonetta, which repeated the same word forty times. At Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, there is an echo which repeats the same sound fifty times. The description of an echo still more singular, near Rowneth, some miles distant from Glasgow, may be found in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1698. If a person, placed at the proper distance, plays eight or ten notes of an air with a trumpet, the echo faithfully repeats them, but a third lower; after a short silence, another repetition is heard, in a tone still lower; and another

short silence is followed by a third repetition, in a tone a third lower. A similar phenomenon observed in some places is, that if a person stands in a certain position, and pronounces a few words with a low voice, they are heard only by another person standing in another determinate place; this arises from the elliptic form of arches, which have the property of collecting in one of their foci the rays that proceed diverging from the other. The Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, for the year 1692, speak of a very remarkable echo in the court of a gentleman's seat, called Le Genetay, in the neighbourhood of Rouen. It is attended with this singular phenomenon, that a person who sings or speaks in a low tone does not hear the repetition of the echo, but only his own voice; while those who listen hear only the repetition of the echo, but with surprising variations: for the echo seems to approach sometimes and sometimes to recede, and at length ceases when the person who speaks removes to some distance in a certain direction. Sometimes only one voice is heard, sometimes several, and sometimes one is heard on the right and another on the left. An explanation of all these phenomena, deduced from the semi-circular form of the court, may be seen in the above collection.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Woolton*

QUALIFICATION FOR A DEPUTY.

A LADY having asked M. de Marchangy, the French Attorney-General, in the reign of Napoleon, why persons of her sex might not be electors? he replied, "Madam, you might be electors, but you could not be deputies."—"Why not?" said the lady—"Because no woman would like to acknowledge that she was 40 years of age."

A GENTLEMAN, dining a short time ago at the house of a worthy alderman, where a giblet-pie was brought on table, asked a friend next him, why the pie was like the alderman's wig? "why," says he, "because it has got a goose's head in it."

EPIGRAM ON A SNUFF TAKER.

If snuff be used to clear the head,
(As many people say;)
How often your nose must be fed
To clear the mud away!

A POOR woman at Shoreham, whose husband was going to sea, handed through the clerk, to the parson, this public prayer:—"A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation." The parson pointing it in his own way, read to the ears of his flock—"A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation!"

AN Irish tradesman exclaiming against the income tax, observed that he was now obliged to pay *one tenth* of his income, but if the war continued he supposed, he should soon be called upon to pay the *hundredth* part.

THE celebrated Lord B. being at a masquerade in the humorous disguise of a baboon, perceived an officer in the army of his acquaintance, and began to banter him, by asking, in a feigned voice, if he had heard of the sudden death of that well-known rake? No, replied the military wit, I have not yet heard of it, but should not be in the least surprised, for, added he, (taking hold of the baboon's tail) I find he has put an end to himself.

TWO offending bakers were fined for selling *light* bread. They were not over-pleased with the strictness of the magistracy, and one of them was advised by a bystander to make his appeal to the master of the rolls.

HEROISM.

THE Friendship, Captain Brest, from Cork, to Halifax, was taken by a French privateer, who took out the master, and all the crew except the mate and a boy, and put eight Frenchmen on board; but after several days possession, the mate watched his opportunity, seized the arms, and without putting one man to death, secured as many of them as it was prudent to do for his own safety, and by the assistance of the boy, brought the ship safe into Pool Harbour.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

WITH other instances of an absent mind among the literati, that of Maseral, the celebrated French historian, is not the least remarkable. He was in the habit of studying and writing day and night by candle light, even at noon day in summer; and consistent with this eccentricity, he always attended his company to the door with a candle in his hand.

THE fifth edition of a heavy work was lately advertised, at which a person expressing some surprise, was answered by one in the secret, "*It is the only way to sell the first.*"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tim Topham is requested to send to our publisher for a letter.

Insertion to the following communications shall be given in our next, or as early as possible:—G. W. N.; W. C.; P. T. W.; F. R. Y.; Utopia; Tim Topham; M. L. B.; W. R. H.; Suffolk; Montague; J. H. Stahlheim; W. H.; and C. B. G.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. Kenge for his interesting communication and clever volume. The drawing is in hand.

The drawing by W. H. H. we fear is not so scientifically striking; but we return our thanks, and shall be happy to see the one referred to in our correspondent's letter.

F. E. is not forgotten.

We have received a pleasing drawing from a Kensington correspondent, which has been forwarded to our engraver.

Vivian's letter has come to hand, but we are afraid the excellent subject of his paper has been exhausted by other writers.

The sketch kindly offered us by A. W. has not possessed sufficient interest.

Julian would furnish things up by sending the articles to which he alludes.

To W. R. W. The Times are really very kind. E. G.'s list shall be attended to.

Although our opinion is indifferent, we thank B. for his good-natured counsel, and shall be always happy to hear from him.

Paul Fry does not intrude. He has "dropped in" opportunely.

The Epitaphs sent by H. L. R. are too sad. Some of the Anecdotes of G. B. C. shall appear.

The Dialogue between a Dutman and a Shop is too vulgar for our pages.

W. X.'s paper shall be sought for and devoted to.

We have no recollection of the articles alluded to by Francis John; but if he will send us another copy of them we will answer them without delay.

Lines written at See, by a sea-sick lover, who could not see his lady-love, are quite sickening.

Communications from N. B.; J. M. R. H.; A New Contributor; B. A. T.; J. R. C.; Y. M. M.; Jasper; P. W.; W. C.; F. W. D.; and S. S. G. are under consideration.

Lines on Riego and Theatrical Remarks are inadmissible.

The following are received:—J. L.; H. F. R.; Byron; W. G. Beaton; Humilis; R. S.; C. N.; Z. Z.; J. M. G.; Joannet; James Minasi; G. T.; and A Schoolboy.

As we cannot undertake to return all the short poetical articles and literary miscellanies forwarded to the Mirror, we advise our correspondents to keep duplicates.

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